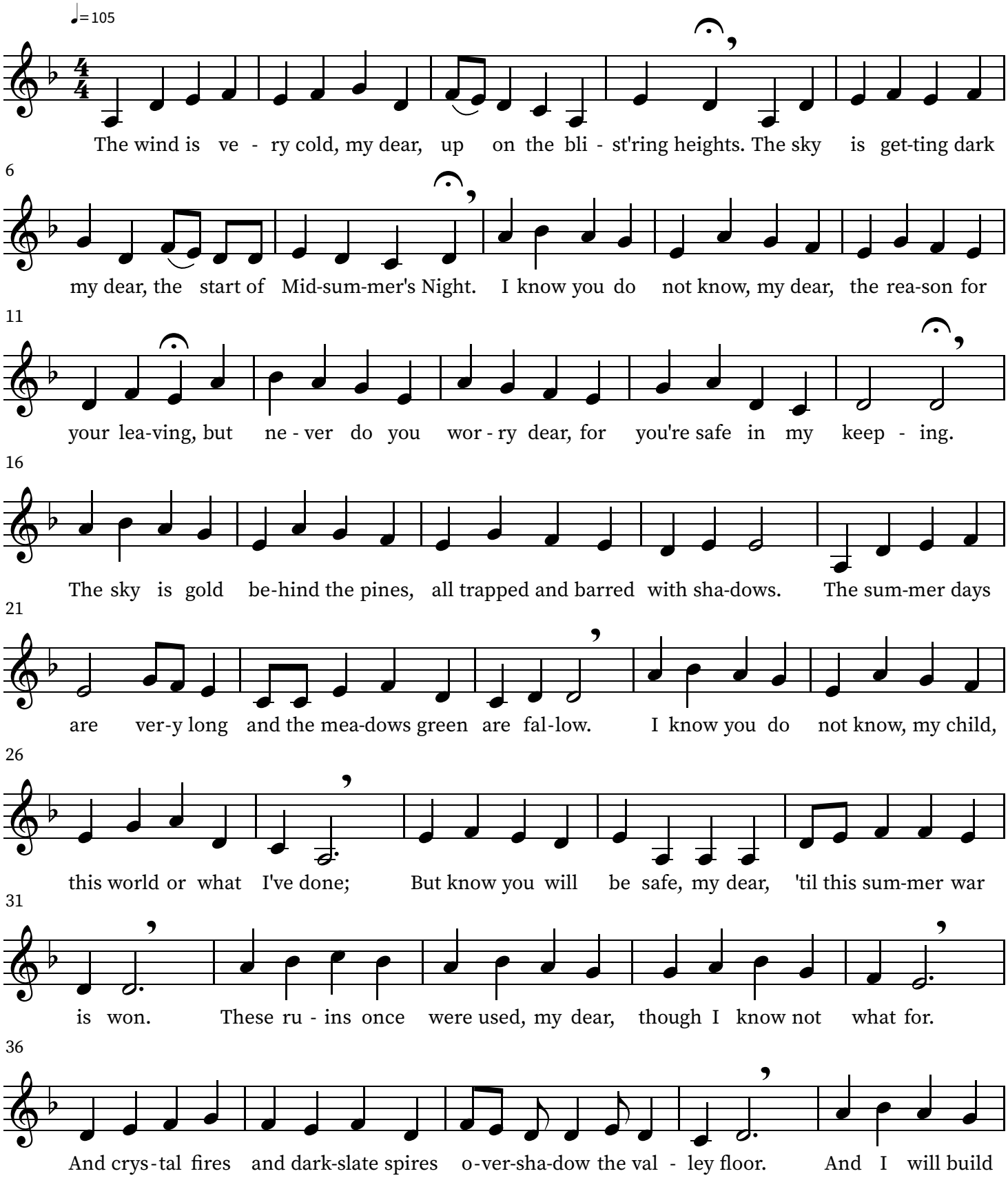
Lullaby for the Child of Night

Medievalish

JexTell2514



41

it up, my dear, up safe on the moun - tain tall. Up here you will be safe, my love, for

46

I will make it so Oh! the wind is fierce my love, bit-ter, un - fit and

51

cold. These peaks are no place for a child, my dear; I know their snow-sounds well. And

56

whe-ther I am wise, my dear, on - ly time will tell. But I will build you

61

fires, my dear, I'll thaw the moun-tain peak And here you will be warm, my dear,

66

and you may safe - ly sleep. The de - mon can - not snatch you here, nor claws or blight

71

dis-turb you No sum-mer storms may ga-ther here O Stars let it be true! For I

76

must keep you safe, my egg, though I know not what I'm do - ing. Let me raise the

81

lan-tern, dear, to scare a - way the gloom - ing I'll call the moun-tain fires, my love, from deep

86

with - in the rock I'll pol-ish up the plinth, my love This wind will not be stopped!

90

I'll give you cry-stals three to guard, as they once served your mo-ther, and write up spells

95

to keep you safe, though I can-not but won-der Do you know your mo-ther's dead, my

100

egg? Did you know I could not heal her? Did you know I led them to her home,

105

and I am how they found her? Do you won-der why her voice is gone, and mine but thin -

110

ly ga-thers? Ah! Nev-er, nev - er mind, my love, for lit - tle does it mat - ter.

115

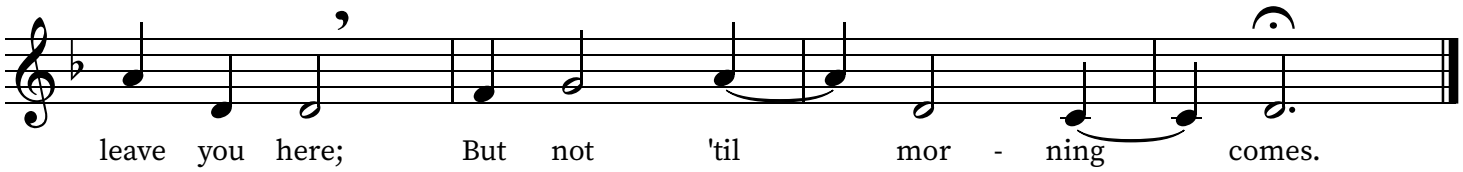
The wind is ve - ry cold, my dear, an o - men ill for sum-mer, and I am loath

120

to leave you here when I would call you daugh-ter. The sun is set to rise, my dear,

125

and drag us in - to dawn; And I know that I must


leave you here; But not 'til mor - ning comes.